Green-Eyed Eleven by Brown Eyes Parker

Category: Stranger Things, 2016
Genre: Friendship, Romance
Language: English
Status: Completed
Published: 2016-10-05 17:11:06
Updated: 2016-10-05 17:11:06
Packaged: 2019-12-17 14:40:01
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,199
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Eleven experiences her first bout of jealousy when a new girl moves to town. Mileven.

Green-Eyed Eleven

Green-Eyed Eleven

A Mike & Eleven Story

By Brown Eyes Parker

Author's Note:

This might be slightly OOC because Eleven talks a bit more but I did it consciously and for the sake of the story, I *promise*! This story takes place somewhere in the future, you guys can decide when!

Rated: K

Disclaimer: I own nothing.

.

Eleven stared as the new girl talked to Mike, there was something blooming in the center of her chest. She couldn't put it into words. It was an emotion she had never felt before. All she knew was she didn't like that he was paying attention to somebody else. It made her fearful and angry all at the same time.

It was like he had forgotten all about her in the few seconds it had taken Tiffany Perkins to corner him and swish her blonde hair around while she batted her blue eyes in his direction.

"Pretty," Eleven murmured as she watched them disdainfully, touching her own hair, it was brown and cut into a stylish pixie. Tiffany looked like she had hair from a shampoo commercial.

Dustin looked in Mike and Tiffany's direction and rolled his eyes. "If you like that sort of thing."

"Mike does," Eleven said bitterly.

Lucas burst out laughing. "Mike does *not* like Tiffany Perkins! He's

just being nice, she's new in town. He can't not be nice to anybody new. It's just Mike."

"She likes him," Eleven observed, narrowing her eyes. She wanted to use her powers and send *Tiffany* into next Tuesday.

Lucas laughed again. "El's jealous!" he announced to the group.

"Jealous?"

"Jealous is a little strong," Will said.

"I bet you can't even see straight right now, huh El?" Lucas asked.

"I can see just fine," Eleven answered.

"It's just an expression El," Dustin explained. "It means you can't function, you're so mad."

Eleven frowned. "I'm not mad. . ."

Lucas nudged her. "Oh come on. Like you don't want to you use your telekinesis to pull down her skirt or something."

"Maybe. . ." Eleven admitted. "Could I do that?"

"That isn't a good idea! Mike would totally know it was you!" Dustin said through a mouthful of pudding.

Tiffany laughed and reached out to playfully shove Mike in the shoulder. Eleven huffed and crushed her Coke tightly, the soda spilled out onto her fingers and onto the table.

She *hated* Tiffany!

"Uh-oh," Lucas said as Will handed her a wad of napkins to clean up the mess. "We better be thankful it wasn't Tiffany's head!"

Will sighed. "Really, Lucas?"

Eleven sighed, growing more agitated when Tiffany leaned in closer. "He's still not coming! Lunch is almost over!"

"Don't you guys have a class together right after lunch?" Lucas asked practically.

"Do you think he's going to like Tiffany better?" Eleven asked, looking between Will and Dustin.

"El, don't be such a girl!" Lucas chided without thinking.

"*Do you?"* El asked fretfully.

"I don't think you have anything to worry about," Dustin assured her. "I mean, I don't think he's really interested in her. . . see! He's coming over *right* now! There is nothing to worry about, El."

"The bell's going to ring in about two minutes," Lucas said, jumping up and grabbing Will by his shirt as Mike approached their table. "Come on, let's get to our classroom!"

Dustin lingered for a second, deciding if he should stay and mediate between Eleven and Mike before deciding against it and leaving for his next class too.

"You don't have time to eat your lunch," Eleven informed Mike when he sat down across from her. "We're going to be late for English."

"I'm not hungry," Mike said, pushing his tray away from him and frowning. "I know that look. What's bothering you?"

"Nothing," Eleven fibbed, getting up and taking her tray with her.

"You're lying!" Mike replied, following her to the trash cans. She threw away the remainder of her food and didn't wait for him like she usually did.

"We're going to be late for class," Eleven told him.

"You're upset," Mike said. "Did Dustin say something stupid again?"

"Dustin didn't do anything," Eleven answered, not looking at him directly.

Mike captured her wrist as she tried to keep walking. "Tell me what's

going on, El. Was it Troy?"

Eleven shook her head. "Troy hasn't bothered me. . . not today, anyways. We're going to be late for class," she reminded him again.

"I'll risk detention."

"*I* don't want to risk detention!" Eleven retorted, coming off a little more forceful than she wanted to.

Mike crinkled his eyebrow and held on to her a little tighter. "*Wait!* Did *I* do something to upset you?"

Eleven sighed. "I don't want to talk about this right now, Mike."

"*What* did I do!?" Mike demanded as she dragged him along the hallways to their classroom because he wasn't letting go anytime soon.

She whirled around to look at him. "How's *Tiffany*?" she asked.

Mike looked delighted. "Eleven, are you *jealous*!?"

"*Jealous?"* Eleven repeated. "I don't even know what that is!"

"In this case it means an unhappy or angry feeling caused by the belief that someone you love likes or is liked by someone else," Mike explained.

Eleven nodded. "Then yes, I *am* jealous!"

"But *what* are you jealous of?" Mike asked. "I met Tiffany at the library this summer, I was coming in and she was leaving. She dropped all of her books. I helped her pick them up. That's all. This week has been the first time I've seen her since that day."

"She likes you."

Mike looked surprised. "She does?"

Eleven nodded. "What girl wouldn't? Especially when you're always going around rescuing us like you're Iron Man or Captain America."

"Don't worry, girls like Tiffany rarely ever like guys like me for long. I'm too nerdy," Mike assured her. "And even if they did, it wouldn't matter. You know why?"

"No, why?"

"Because *you're* my number one girl, Eleven. None of the other ones matter because I like *you* the most!" Mike declared.

The feeling in her heart slowly started to melt away and she smiled a little bit. "Really, Mike? Do you really like me the most?"

"I probably like you better than *anybody*!" Mike answered. "I'm sorry I missed having lunch with you today. Tiffany cornered me after I got my food and I didn't want to be rude. But I'll be there tomorrow. *I promise.* Forgive me?"

Eleven nodded and slid her hand into his. Feeling like a great weight had been lifted off of her. Mike liked *her* best! None of the other girls could ever compete.

She thought about something as they started down the hallway to their classroom even though they were running late.

"Mike?"

"Yes, Eleven?"

"I like you better than anyone else too," she said.

Mike's smile looked like it could light up the whole town.

The End

.

Author's Note II:

A concept we have not thought about. Jealous Eleven! I personally cannot wait to see it! Does that make me an awful person? I hope you'll tell me what you thought!

I'll post more soon.

Lots Of Love,

Holly, 10/5/2016